

North Carolina Conundrum

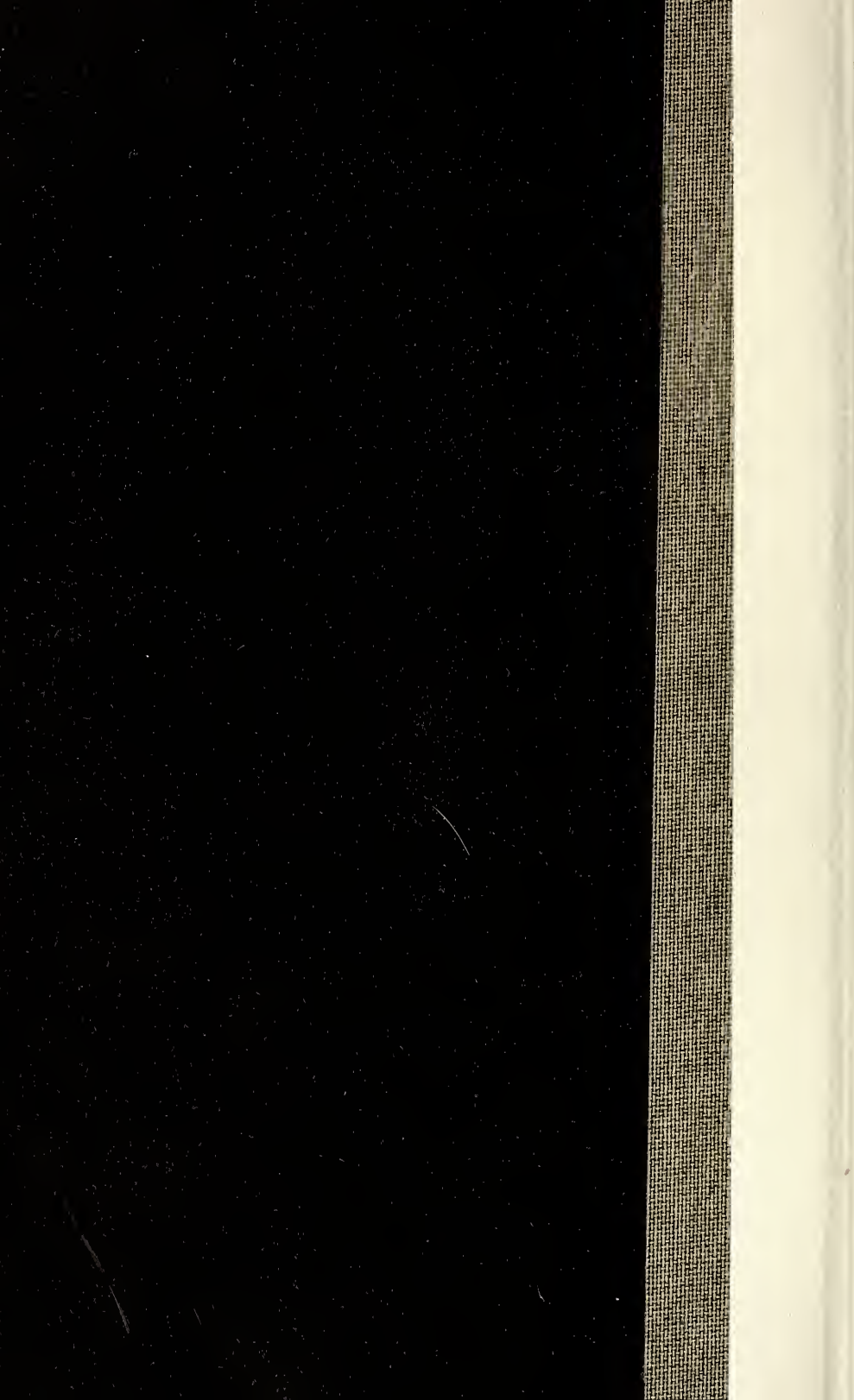
by

John Hope Franklin



*Proceedings with Tributes to John Hope Franklin on the Occasion of
Acceptance of the North Caroliniana Society Award for 2005
21 May 2005*

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NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY IMPRINTS
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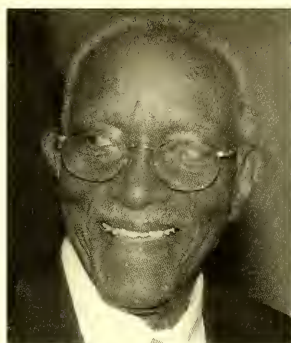
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PART I

North Carolina Conundrum

by

John Hope Franklin



*Delivered before the North Caroliniana Society Members and Friends at
The William and Ida Friday Center for Continuing Education
Chapel Hill, on 21 May 2005*

Dr. John Hope Franklin

[Even a shrunken biographical sketch of John Hope Franklin would require several pages; here is simply a selection from various sources. Readers await the publication of his full autobiography in Autumn 2005.]

Historian, educator, author, diplomat. Born Rentiesville, Oklahoma, January 2, 1915, the son of Buck Colbert and Mollie Parker Franklin. Married Aurelia E. Whittington of Goldsboro, North Carolina, June 11, 1940 (she died January 27, 1999); one son, John Whittington Franklin. A.B., Fisk University, 1935; A.M., 1936, Ph.D., 1941, Harvard University. Holds record number of honorary degrees—more than 135 and counting. Taught history at Fisk University, 1936-37; St. Augustine's College, 1939-43; North Carolina College at Durham, 1943-47; Howard University, 1947-56; Brooklyn College, 1956-64; University of Chicago, 1964-82; Duke University, 1982-92. Visiting professor at (among others) Elizabeth City State, Shaw, San Francisco, Washington and Lee, Cambridge, Harvard, Wisconsin, Cornell, Salzburg, Hawaii, and California. Fulbright professor in Australia and Zimbabwe, consultant on American education for the Soviet Union, lecturer in American history in China.

Dr. Franklin's books include *The Free Negro in North Carolina*; *From Slavery to Freedom: A History of African-Americans*; *The Militant South*; *Reconstruction After the Civil War*; *The Emancipation Proclamation*; *A Southern Odyssey*; *Racial Equality in America*; *George Washington Williams: A Biography*; *Race and History*; *The Color Line: Legacy for the Twenty-first Century*; and (with others), *Land of the Free: A History of the United States*; *Illustrated History of Black Americans*; and *Runaway Slaves: Rebels on the Plantation*. With his son, John Whittington Franklin, he also edited his father's autobiography, *My Life and an Era*. He has produced scores of edited works, chapters, and published articles and addresses. Professional offices include the presidency of American Studies Association, Southern Historical Association, Organization of American Historians, American Historical Association, and United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa. He served as chairman of the Advisory Board to One America: The President's Initiative on Race. Among other chairmanships or memberships have been the President's Advisory Commissions on Public Diplomacy and Ambassadorial Appointments, Board of Foreign Scholarships, National Council on the Humanities, and Advisory Board of the National Park Service. Honors and recognitions have included the Presidential Medal of Freedom, Charles Frankel Prize in the Humanities, Bruce Catton Award of the Society of American Historians, Clarence L. Holte Literary Prize, Cleanth Brooks Medal, Lincoln Prize, NAACP's Spingarn Medal, Helmerich Distinguished Author Award, North Carolina Award for Public Service, John Tyler Caldwell Award of the North Carolina Humanities Council, and now the North Caroliniana Society Award for 2005. His name is perpetuated in awards, scholarships, and fellowships in various institutions, in the John Hope Franklin Awards for Excellence in Higher Education, and in buildings such as the John Hope and Aurelia Franklin Library at Fisk University.

A passionate orchid breeder and cultivator, his and his late wife's names are perpetuated in hybrids, *Phalaenopsis John Hope Franklin* and *Phalaenopsis Aurelia Franklin*.

North Carolina Conundrum

John Hope Franklin

For the last seventy-five years or so North Carolina has been both a challenge and a source of wonder to me. I attempted to nudge out of my first college date, Aurelia Whittington who was from North Carolina, just what the place was like. Her demure reply was that it was a wonderful place to call home. Over the next nine years, up to the time we married and lived together until her death almost sixty years later, her reply to my persistent query was the same that she gave the very first time I raised the question. In the spring of my freshman year, I visited the state for the first time, and although I got no farther east than Kings Mountain where I attended a Y.M.C.A. conference, my impression merely confirmed what Aurelia had said—that it was a wonderful place to call home. Early on, I agreed with her, but even the agreement did not tell me or anyone else what North Carolina was really like. My curiosity was based on the fact that I was in search of a place that I could really call home. It was most difficult for me to call Oklahoma my home, although I was born there. When I was six years old the race riot in Tulsa resulted in the destruction of my father's law office and the home into which we were to move at the very time the riot occurred. I lived in Tulsa until I graduated from high school, but from the time I left the state to attend college in Tennessee, I was in search for a home. Perhaps that is why I persisted in asking Aurelia what North Carolina was like.

The next time I visited the state was during the summer of 1937, when I took the summer off from graduate work to teach at North Carolina A. and T. College in Greensboro. I must admit that the two months stint during that summer was not motivated by my desire to learn more about the state but by the fact that Aurelia was attending summer session there in order to re-validate her teaching certificate and I wanted to reestablish my connection with her. Moreover, I very much needed to replenish my already depleted financial resources. This gave me an opportunity to earn a little cash, to enjoy the warm and genial hospitality of North Carolinians in Greensboro, and to visit Raleigh and Goldsboro, Aurelia's home. At the end of the summer, in making an appraisal, I said to myself, "Not at all bad."

In the final year of my residency in Cambridge, I began to cast around for a dissertation topic. I was intrigued by British history and by the graduate students at Harvard who were dashing off to London, by steamships in those days, to do research in the British Museum, Cambridge, and Oxford, and to

spend their holidays in the Cotswolds and East Anglia. Having borrowed \$500 from my white professor-friend at Fisk to enter Harvard and having had to wash dishes for my meals during my first year there—before I proved worthy of a fellowship—Britain was no closer to me than the moon or perhaps even Mars. I had no space suit or other resources to make it to Mars or to London. Perhaps a more practical subject would be something closer to home.

I had become interested in free Negroes when I did a senior honors paper for my professor-benefactor at Fisk; and perhaps I could do a doctoral dissertation on free Negroes in, say, some southern state. Maryland had the largest number, some eighty thousand, but someone had already written on Maryland's free Negroes. Virginia had the next largest number, fifty thousand, but I learned that Luther P. Jackson was doing that state for a dissertation at the University of Chicago. What about North Carolina, I wondered. Only a brief paper had been written on free Negroes in the Tar Heel State. The thirty thousand free Negroes in North Carolina were just waiting for me! I hoped that Aurelia was also waiting, although by this time she was also in graduate school in library science at Hampton. But Hampton was closer to North Carolina than Tulsa or Cambridge. Meanwhile, I would have a better opportunity to find out just what North Carolina was really like!

I was not prepared for the segregation that greeted me at the North Carolina archives where I presented myself to do research in March of 1939. When I had worked on free Negroes in the antebellum South for my honors paper at Fisk, the state archives in Nashville had not been segregated. But in Raleigh I had to wait for several days until they provided a separate place for me to work. They were most gracious about the entire arrangement, and had I been less sensitive, I would have expressed appreciation for the indignity that was my lot. But I was mortified, although I kept my counsel. I particularly resented the fact that, although I had free rein of the stacks, it was because the white pages presumably would not serve me. Soon, the white researchers protested my free use of the stacks, arguing that they could not, apparently because they could be served by the pages. The officials were most apologetic and gracious when they asked me to surrender my key to the stacks. From that point on, I received no special treatment and was obliged to make a request for one document at a time, as the white researchers were required to do. I could only conclude that the white North Carolinians whom I encountered were charming even in their segregationist practices and that I should be even more sensitive to their blandishments lest I be taken in by their smooth talk and gracious manners.

It bothered me on subsequent research trips to such places as Alabama that there was no segregation in the state archives and that the director, although she called me a Harvard "nigger," insisted that I must

receive absolutely equal treatment there or she must know the reason why. This Alabama experience placed me in an even greater quandary regarding Southern etiquette and how, when, and where it was applied. By this time I had taken up residence in North Carolina and had no immediate plans to live elsewhere. Even in the face of the humiliations I experienced in the state, I found myself making excuses for its derelictions and shortcomings.

It was the charm that I had to watch. For example, when Governor Gregg Cherry came to North Carolina College to speak at the vesper services, he committed the gross error of pronouncing "Negro" in a way that showed that he was not at all accustomed to using the term. After saying "nigra" for a third or fourth time, students began to shuffle their feet, cough audibly, and make loud groans. Finally, some of them began to walk out of the auditorium. At the close of the program, the governor asked President James Shepard what was wrong with the students and why were they reacting in a hostile manner to what he was saying. Dr. Shepard was frank to say to him that the students resented the way he pronounced "Negro." The governor was taken aback and extracted from Dr. Shepard an invitation to return at a later date. In due course the governor returned, apologized to the students and avoided the racial description as much as he could. When he was unable to avoid it, he would take a deep breath and then pronounce the word "Kneegrow" in such a way that there could not possibly be a misunderstanding of his pronunciation. By the end of the program, both the students and the governor were greatly amused by his desire to reach out to the students in a "good-faith effort" to understand their desire for respect. Such an experience made them and me feel better about calling North Carolina home.

It was not enough, however, for a governor to make apology for a previous gaffe or for Governor Hoey to meet and greet people on his stroll down Fayetteville Street and share his package of salted peanuts with anyone, including black pedestrians, he happened to meet. I suppose that North Carolina etiquette permitted whites and blacks to share food as long as they were not sitting down together. It was all so confusing. More importantly, southern public policy, North Carolina public policy, also had to reflect a willingness to give people a chance, regardless of race, to climb out of the basement up to the first floor, even if there was a clearly defined ceiling to which African Americans were not to aspire, at least for the time being. This was best illustrated, I think, in the North Carolina office of Negro welfare, located not in the state welfare office, but in the Delany Building on Hargett Street. The occupant of the office for many years was my dear friend John Larkins, who traveled throughout the state but before he could make final decisions on a policy matter, he had to go up to the state welfare office and confer with his white superior. Anyone who raised questions about such an arrangement was reminded that the separation gave the appearance that

Larkins was his own man, had his own office, and paid office rent to an African American physician who owned the building.

As I continued to live in North Carolina and to study its traditions and folkways, I could not resist the temptation to solve the problem of what I began to call the North Carolina conundrum. While teaching at St. Augustine's College, an institution affiliated with the Protestant Episcopal Church, I hoped to find an answer to the questions in my mind by studying the operations of that institution within the framework of the church and under the auspices of what was called the American Church Institute for Negroes. I even went back and studied the founding of the institution where I was teaching and sought answers to the question of whether it was founded to make certain that the newly freed people had every opportunity to rise as far as their talents and circumstances could take them or to salve the consciences of the white founders and their associates. I learned that the patronizing that I experienced as a young teacher there (there were no academic ranks during my four years there from 1939) had its roots in 1867 when the college was founded. There was this strange combination of limited civility, deep religious proselytizing, and carefully defining the place of students and faculty in the community.

Times changed, but not much. Thus, seventy-two years after its founding, when I became the first member of the faculty to receive the Ph.D. degree, the white president called me in not to congratulate me but to warn me that my academic achievement (he did not call it that) did not mean that I was any better than my peers and I should make no presumptions about my status simply because I could add a few more letters behind my name. I do not know what effect he hoped that his words of caution or even disapprobation would have on me. Whatever he hoped for, he did not achieve. I pitied him for not knowing why I had sought and had achieved some advanced training. I very much hope and believe that my students knew, even if he did not. But the whole enterprise was one of condescension apparently calculated to make one feel both inferior and fortunate. I felt fortunate to have the opportunity to teach students who were eager to learn, but I did not feel inferior to him or to those for whom he presumably spoke.

Despite these encounters with what some would call reality, I managed not only to make an adjustment to the Carolina climate but to develop some attachment to the state. I found myself hurrying to return when we had been away for a few weeks or a summer. I discovered what it was like to be called a "Tar Heel" and not wince. I took pride in the things I wrote about North Carolina, whether it was about the antebellum years, Reconstruction, or some developments in the twentieth century. I often attempted to analyze the feeling, to dissect it, even to upbraid myself for being so accepting of the state, its communities and its folkways.

There were substantial reasons for my growing affinity for the state. There were some North Carolinians whose conduct and attitude repelled me, while the demeanor of others drew me closer to them and to the state. When the Raleigh recruiter of the United States Navy rejected my application to be a volunteer after the destruction of Pearl Harbor by telling me that I had all of the qualifications except color, it was Dr. Frank Porter Graham, president of the University of North Carolina, who sought unsuccessfully to intercede on my behalf. When the president of St. Augustine's College refused to appeal to my draft board for a deferment in 1943, claiming that military discipline would be good for me and would teach me to hang up my clothes, I turned to Dr. James A. Shepard, president of the North Carolina College for Negroes, not only for employment but for protection if my name came before the draft appeal board on which he sat. He not only employed me and my wife but assured me that in the interest of the effort of the United States to achieve victory over its enemies, I should by all means be kept out of the armed forces! There was, moreover, the thoughtful generosity of members of the staff of the State Department of Archives and History whose director recommended the publication of my dissertation by the University of North Carolina Press. Then, there were the librarians at Duke University and the University of North Carolina, and my colleagues at the North Carolina College for Negroes and my friends at Duke and Carolina who extended a collegial hand even before it was the correct thing to do.

When we left Durham for Howard University in 1947, we found ourselves coming back to North Carolina whenever possible. It was not that Aurelia was all that anxious to return to Goldsboro to visit her parents. It was, in part, because we found that Washington, D.C. was no more attractive to African Americans than Durham and Chapel Hill. If I was doing research at the Library of Congress on a weekend, when the luncheon facilities at the Supreme Court and the Methodist building were closed, the nearest place I could get anything to eat was at the Union Station, three quarters of a mile away. One could not even entertain the notion of dining in a hotel or taking lodgings in downtown Washington. As far as cultural attractions were concerned, the big debate when we arrived in Washington was whether African Americans should be permitted to attend concerts at the Lisner Auditorium at George Washington University. The answer was a resounding "NO!" Beyond the black community, our social and professional ties were with a few white professionals at Georgetown and George Washington Universities and the University of Maryland, not unlike our experiences in Durham. Even when we moved in 1956 "up North" to New York, where I was chairman of the all-white history department at Brooklyn College, the hostility to our attempting to purchase a home near the college was so great and so protracted that I had sufficient material to write a monograph on

redlining and housing discrimination in New York City. North Carolina never looked so good as through the prism of a New York experience.

When we moved to the University of Chicago in 1964, conditions for an African American family were better than they had been during our eight-year sojourn in the Big Apple, thanks in part to the civil rights movement and the passage of civil rights legislation. We became a part of the social and cultural life of the city. I had no difficulty purchasing a home near the university, and I was invited to join the best clubs in the city. Aurelia was welcomed into various civic and social groups in which she expressed an interest. None of these new and pleasant experiences stood in the way of visiting North Carolina whenever we had an opportunity. One experience was particularly pleasing. In 1967 I brought my students in my doctoral seminar to Raleigh to work in the same archives where a segregated place had been prepared for me almost three decades earlier. At this time the welcome mat was displayed in every conceivable way. This time I had a special office, but it was for the purpose of being able to consult with my students in comfort and privacy. Meanwhile, the search room that previously had been off limits to me was where my students worked and where I could supervise them whenever necessary. The staff gave a huge dinner party for us, and the lieutenant governor, Bob Scott, had us to lunch. The state archivist urged me to return annually, but by that time I had become chairman of the department, and the pressure of work precluded any such sojourns in the future.

Even if I did not return to North Carolina with my class, Aurelia and I continued to visit the state. By this time her mother was living with us; and because of her advanced age our mobility was significantly affected. Consequently, when we did venture to North Carolina, as we did whenever possible, it was a testimony to our abiding attachment to the place. And as we saw the changes taking place, especially in race relations, we were immensely pleased, regardless of who claimed responsibility or credit. As retirement approached and as we were determined to leave Chicago, where the climate *never* suited us, we did not debate where we should spend the remainder of our days. Consequently, as though it was a given, we began to discuss not *where* we would retire to but *when* we should move to North Carolina. We would return to Durham, of course, and we would move there in the summer of 1980, not long after my 65th birthday. Despite the fact that I had these various reservations about North Carolina that placed it in the category of a conundrum, I did not hesitate to join Aurelia in returning to her native state. I could think of no place about which we did not have some reservations. The thing for us to do was to cast our lot with the place that attracted us and join with others to make it better, even ideal. My long-time secretary, Margaret Fitzsimmons, felt the same way and was willing to come with us. With both of my parents deceased, my older sister assumed the role of matriarch of the

family and could not understand why we did not move to Oklahoma. I simply told her that the Oklahoma conundrum was even more difficult to understand than that of North Carolina.

When our son learned that we were moving to North Carolina, he was certain that we had completely “lost it.” Shortly after we moved to Durham, he arrived from Senegal, where he had been living for several years. He was born in Washington, D.C. and grew up in New York and Chicago. When he finally found Durham on the map, he was distressed for his poor parents who must have gone over the line prematurely. When he arrived, he seemed surprised to find us not in a pup tent or cabin of sorts but in a two-story brick Williamsburg colonial with five bedrooms and five baths. He wondered what the neighborhood was like. Not like Brooklyn, we assured him. Neighbors on both sides, both white, had called to bring flowers and to welcome us. The orthopedic surgeon and his wife across the street had called, brought flowers and a cake and volunteered to assist us in settling in. Our son was impressed when he met our neighbors. Aurelia took him shopping at one of the gourmet markets, and he was astounded to find his favorite French wine there, one that he had difficulty finding even in Francophone Senegal. Since his birthday was approaching and we were delighted to take him out to dinner, we asked him where he would like to go. He wondered if there was a Chinese restaurant anywhere in the area. Perhaps I laid it on just a bit when I calmly asked him what region of Chinese cuisine he would desire. Well, that did it! He seemed assured that we would survive in Durham, and he returned to Senegal for two more years, fully confident that we had not gone over the line.

We did more than survive. We thrived. And as we settled down, I learned to make peace with the “North Carolina Conundrum.” Shortly before moving to North Carolina I had come to the state to receive an honorary degree at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and to arrange for my two-year fellowship at the National Humanities Center at whose dedication I had spoken two years earlier. Bill and Ida Friday had extended a warm welcome to us even before we moved, and just before we left Chicago he called to make certain that everything was in order. When we were here house-hunting the previous winter, Bob and Anne Durden of the Duke department of history had given us a welcome party at which they introduced us to many of their friends. In due course we were deluged with expressions and manifestations of welcome from every part of the Durham community. We began to affiliate with various organizations and institutions in the community and state and began to feel that we belonged to North Carolina. I joined the candlelight peace vigil in downtown Durham. I worked hard to get Jim Hunt elected to the United States Senate when he ran against Jesse Helms. The victory of Helms was a piece of the North Carolina conundrum that I still did not understand. On the other hand, one white graduate student

said that if I would run for the Senate in opposition to Jesse Helms, he would abandon his graduate studies and work for my victory. While that was a gallant offer, I could not accept it, for my talents, if I had any, lay elsewhere. I contributed my resources and efforts to support the community by joining various groups that sought to make the neighborhood and the city better. Two years later, I joined the faculty of Duke University and used my voice and what influence I had to argue for a stable downtown Durham and to oppose the increase of shopping malls that our modest population could not support.

After I became a resident of Durham and a citizen of the state, I began to work in earnest on the "North Carolina Conundrum." As I attempted to get in step with what was transpiring, I began to realize that the conundrum was merely the confusion that resulted from attempting to get into the soul of the state and being able to define one's relationship to it. The state had its imperfections as did, indeed, other political and social entities. I reached the conclusion that North Carolina was not so much a conundrum as it was a work in progress. Those who resisted change brought the same charm, imagination, and resistance that they brought to other efforts and enterprises. They could be admirably resourceful and charming even in resisting change. Indeed, the soul of the state, and the embodiment of what it could become, was the conundrum not unlike the "puzzlement" used by the monarch in "The King and I" to describe his predicament. It was a puzzlement that presented a challenge more than a frustration.

To meet the challenge, I would enter into every undertaking that would move the Tar Heel State closer to its expressed ideals and closer to what I dreamed it could become. When I became a member of the Order of the Long Leaf Pine into which Governor Hunt inducted me in 1995, I used that as an incentive to push ahead in my humble way the dream of equality for all Tar Heels. When I received the North Carolina Medal, I could use that as an inspiration to assist in uplifting the citizenry young and old, black and white, rich and poor. When the *News & Observer* cited me as Tar Heel of the Year in 1999, I was inspired to work even harder to make this state the place of my fondest dreams. Even if I had not been inspired to dream big dreams for our beloved state, I would hope that I would appreciate fully that the solution to the conundrum is within the reach of each and every person residing in the state. It can be solved by the simple process of everyone working together to make the state better than our wildest dreams could ever conceive it to be. The thing to remember above all else is that smugness clouds one's judgment and prevents one's understanding that whatever achievements there are, we remain far from the truly good society. If we wish to realize it, we must continue to work on the conundrum, as a work in progress, realizing that its solution may still be in the distant future.

PART II

Tributes to John Hope Franklin

by

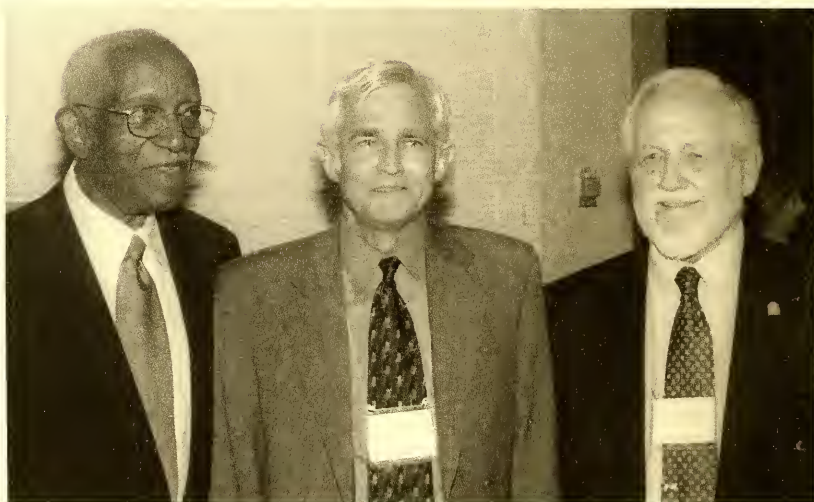
H. G. Jones

Eric D. Anderson

Alfred A. Moss, Jr.

Willis P. Whichard

*Delivered at a Banquet Honoring John Hope Franklin on his acceptance
of the North Caroliniana Society Award, William and Ida Friday Center,
Chapel Hill, 21 May 2005*



In top photo, Dr. Franklin embraces his former students and collaborators, Dr. Eric D. Anderson and Dr. Al Moss, who spoke for the other 30 students who also earned their doctorates under his directorship. At bottom he poses with Justice Willis P. Whichard, president of the Society, and Dr. H. G. Jones, its secretary.

Introductory Remarks

H. G. Jones

Friends of John Hope Franklin, Friends of North Carolina:

When you glance in your program at the list of recipients of the North Caroliniana Society Award, you may ask why this event has been so long time acomin'. There is a simple explanation. You see, we normally schedule our annual meetings in the spring during the very season when John Hope Franklin is jetting around the world giving commencement addresses and collecting honorary degrees. He already has a record of nearly 150, so we look forward to the next ten years, when the count reaches 200—two for each year of his remarkable life. An aspiring young photographer could become famous by persuading Dr. Franklin to pose in the colorful academic regalia of every institution that has honored itself by bestowing upon him an honorary degree. Museums would remove Picassos and Monets for such an exhibition recognizing a young man who arrived in 1939 at St. Augustine's College in Raleigh and who never really left North Carolina, the home of his wonderful wife Aurelia, who is with us in spirit tonight. Dr. Franklin already holds our state's highest honors, so we are simply latecomers in sharing him again with his and our fellow North Carolinians.

Only a few of you *really* know how fortunate we are to have Dr. Franklin in our midst tonight, for on this very day—this very hour—he would otherwise be in Washington personally conferring the John Hope Franklin Awards for Distinguished Contributions to Higher Education. We miss his son, John Whittington Franklin of the Smithsonian Institution, but we appreciate John's willingness to stand in for his father at the Washington gala. John Hope, when John called last week to explain his absence, he described in emotional terms the honor that he felt recently when you and he posed during your 70th graduation anniversary in front of Fisk University's library that is so appropriately named for you and Aurelia. Ladies and gentlemen, please show Dr. Franklin our gratitude for giving up the national spotlight to stay with us homefolks.

We are glad to have back several of the former recipients of the North Caroliniana Society Award. Will each stand, remain standing, and will the audience withhold applause: President Friday, Mary Semans, and Betty Kenan sent their deep regret for having conflicting engagements during this busy spring season.

William S. Powell and his Virginia, John Sanders and his Ann, Carlyle Sitterson's Nancy, Trent Ragland and his Anna, and, finally, that remarkable lady who nearly three-quarters of a century ago gave North Carolina the first state-supported symphony orchestra in the nation, now well into her own second century of a charmed life, Maxine Swalin. Please welcome them. Thank you.

Now please give thanks in your own way and enjoy dinner, after which we will hear more about this remarkable man.

[Dinner followed.]

Although they may be irritants for the casual reader, footnotes are essential tools in the historian's trade. One exasperated reviewer referred to a professor's learned paper as being "a riverlet of prose trickling through a meadow of footnotes." Now, John Hope's 1967 odyssey to North Carolina with his seminar, which he described this afternoon, requires no footnotes, but just to emphasize our respect for the primary sources, I wish to supply three from an unimpeachable original source, my diary, now in its 68th year. The first two will never make the printed page, but on the evening of January 30, 1967, the intellectual glow generated by Professor Franklin and his seminar of bright young scholars lit up my neighborhood on Van Dyke Avenue, and three months later in Chicago my humble hospitality was returned a hundred-fold when I was given the rare privilege of entering his and Aurelia's magical orchid garden atop their lovely townhouse. Between those dates, on February 2, John Hope Franklin paid me one of the highest compliments to which few could ever aspire: He joined Chris Crittenden and Fred Coker in signing as a witness my Last Will and Testament. I have instructed my executor to auction on the internet the original of his signature, but only after it has served its legal purpose.

In witness whereof, I set my hand and seal at Raleigh, North Carolina, this 2nd day of February, one thousand nine hundred sixty-seven.

Houston Gwynne Jones 

Signed, sealed, published, and declared to be the last will and testament of Houston Gwynne Jones, in the presence of us, who at his request, in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses, on the 2nd day of February, one thousand nine hundred sixty-seven.

John Hope Franklin
C. Swalin

Chris Crittenden

The third footnote really does need to be preserved in print. On January 31, 1967, I took Dr. Franklin and his graduate students to lunch with the then lieutenant governor. The students took delight in a political repartee

on several issues, but the subject eventually got around to North Carolina's public colleges, still agonizingly slow in overcoming the legacy of segregation. The lieutenant governor observed that, because of tight budgets and the dominance of alumni of two large universities in the General Assembly, there would probably be efforts to shut down several of the "weaker" state colleges. Dr. Franklin recognized immediately the reference to the historically black institutions. A big fist banged the table twice, followed by the professor's remonstrance: "No, no, governor. That is not the way to do it." John Hope Franklin, in his firm but respectful manner, gave a little lecture on the importance of those institutions to our minority population and urged that the state, far from abandoning them, seek to elevate them to equal status among the tax-supported colleges. Robert W. Scott was elected governor the following year, and he never forgot that lesson. A legacy of his administration was a concerted effort to equalize educational opportunities among the state's colleges. For a single example of that legacy, we need only to look a few miles across New Hope Creek to North Carolina Central University, and contrast its status in 1945, when John Hope Franklin was a young professor there, with its academic standing 60 years later. Dr. Franklin, on that day in the Tap Room, you and Governor Scott changed the course of educational history in North Carolina, and it is inspiring to see you, Bob, and Jessie Rae here together again. Thank you, Governor Scott, for helping us commemorate that historic occasion.

For those who are unfamiliar with the North Caroliniana Society, that's the way we like it, for our motto is "Substance, not Show." You did not see this event advertised because we want our awards to be presented in the presence of family and friends of the recipient. With a magnifying glass you can learn more about the Society from the printed program, but if you will be patient until fall, you will receive through the mail one of our *North Caroliniana Society Imprints* carrying all of today's proceedings, including Dr. Franklin's afternoon address and the extended remarks of tonight's speakers.

Imagine how many prominent Americans—from scholars to statesmen—would have felt honored to come to Chapel Hill and speak about John Hope Franklin tonight. But in keeping with that motto, "Substance, not Show," we selected—from among many who love, and are loved by, our recipient—two, each of whom has a special relationship with Dr. Franklin. Not only are our speakers proteges of John Hope Franklin; they have partnered both with him and with each other in major scholarly productions. I find it particularly significant that each, while participating regularly in his profession through teaching, writing, speaking, holding professional offices, and winning national attention for his scholarly contributions, has maintained a 30-year loyalty to his employing institution—Dr. Anderson's Pacific Union College and Dr. Moss's University of Maryland. Such affection and allegiance

to one's employer are rare in the academy these days. And to make their appearance together tonight even more meaningful for our state, both are recipients of Archie K. Davis Fellowships, among 240 such fellowships that the North Caroliniana Society has granted since they were established in 1987 in honor of our longtime president, Archie Davis, whose name, like that of Dr. Franklin, is indelibly associated with the National Humanities Center. Drs. Anderson and Moss will speak for all of the scholars and colleagues who have in the past 70 years come under the life-changing influence of Dr. Franklin. Following them without further introduction will be the distinguished president of the North Caroliniana Society, Justice Willis P. Whichard, the only person ever to serve in both houses of our General Assembly and on both of our appellate courts, and who now presides as Dean of the Law School at Campbell University.

Dr. Eric D. Anderson is certainly no stranger to North Carolina. Though a midwesterner in origin and a California resident for more than half his life, his research under Dr. Franklin at the University of Chicago led him to North Carolina, and his doctoral dissertation, published by LSU Press in 1981 as *Race and Politics in North Carolina, 1872-1901: The Black Second*, provided a model for later studies of that incomparable period of racial progress before Josephus Daniels, Furnifold Simmons, and their racist Red Shirt Democrats revoked virtually every civil right of our Negro citizens. No wonder the book was nominated for three national awards (John H. Dunning Prize, National Historical Society Book Prize, and the Charles S. Sydnor Award). More recently Eric Anderson has collaborated with Al Moss in publishing *Dangerous Donations: Northern Philanthropy and Southern Black Education, 1902-1930*, in which again North Carolina figures prominently. Intriguingly, I see among his many scholarly essays subjects like Darwinism, Millerism, Millenarianism, Populism, and Prostitution, which, though I have not probed their connection, I hope, will not be his subject tonight. We are glad to welcome back Dr. Eric Anderson.

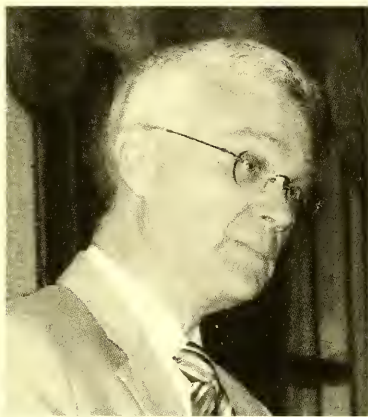
[Professor Anderson's address begins on page 18.]

Dr. Alfred A. Moss, Jr., came under the influence of John Hope Franklin from a different background—starting in European and Russian history and progressing to theology, church history, and human rights. An ordained priest in the Protestant Episcopal Church, his ecumenicalism is rather startlingly proven in the number of trusteeships that he holds in seminaries of other denominations. In addition to his Episcopalian affiliation, I believe I can count Lutherans, Presbyterians, Methodists, Catholics, and Baptists. How comforting to find a broad-minded historian in our universities! Al, we need you in Chapel Hill.

Dr. Moss's first book, *The American Negro Academy: Voice of the Talented Tenth*, published by LSU Press, was also nominated for the John H. Dunning and National Historical Society prizes. Soon, he and Eric Anderson began their collaboration, first as editors of *The Facts of Reconstruction: Essays in Honor of John Hope Franklin*, which was recognized as an outstanding book on the subject of human rights in the United States. Later they published the previously mentioned study of northern philanthropy in the South, and Al has continued to contribute chapters, articles, and papers on a myriad of subjects.

What greater honor than for a revered professor to select a former student to become his joint author of one of the great books of the century? In 1988, Dr. Franklin chose Al Moss for co-author of the sixth revision of his *From Slavery to Freedom: A History of African Americans*. That classic, now in its eighth edition, forever will be known as "Franklin and Moss." There sits the Franklin, and here comes the Moss.

[Professor Moss's address begins on page 22.]



The Speakers: Left, Dr. Eric D. Anderson of Pacific Union College, Angwin, California, and right, Dr. Alfred A. Moss, Jr., of the University of Maryland at College Park.

Recorder of Truth

Eric D. Anderson

There is some risk in honoring John Hope Franklin.

A healthy man with a good memory, he has just written his autobiography. (In other words he has recently “reviewed the sources.”) He is not, thank God, ready to be the passive recipient of a eulogy. Indeed, he may well speak up if anyone tonight is careless or hyperbolic or misinformed. He is certainly in no mood to be experimented on.

At a scholarly conference people are impressed if you claim that *the* key to understanding some important historical figure is a stray fact no one has noticed until this very moment. As we praise this man and his achievement, John Hope will not let us get away with that.

When I was a graduate student, I attended a dinner in honor of Dr. Franklin sponsored by the NAACP Legal Defense Fund. I remember how irritated I was when a distinguished lawyer (a warrior in many noble battles) introduced my mentor by saying something like this: “We really don’t need to comment on the many books he has written.” Such an introduction of a scholar was almost as bad as what the Duke of Gloucester is supposed to have said to Edward Gibbon upon the appearance of another volume of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*: “Always scribble, scribble, scribble, eh, Mr. Gibbon?”

We cannot pay tribute to John Hope Franklin tonight without bringing in the books (and the study and the teaching).

The son of a lawyer and a schoolteacher, John Hope was born ninety years ago in the small, all-black village of Rentiesville, Oklahoma. Thanks to his mother, he received his first taste of a life of learning when he was three years old. “Since there were no day-care centers in the village where we lived,” he remembers, “she had no alternative to taking me to school and seating me in the back where she could keep an eye on me.” When he was about five, his mother noticed that he was no longer scribbling on the sheet of paper she gave him, but writing words and sentences. (And perhaps footnotes, too.)

After studying in the public schools of Rentiesville and Tulsa, he enrolled at Fisk University, intending to prepare himself for a career in law. But under the influence of a stimulating history professor named Theodore S. Currier (a man who might be described by some people as a “Yankee do-gooder”), he changed to a history major. With Currier’s strong encouragement, Franklin pursued graduate work at Harvard University,

earning a doctorate in 1941. Looking back, he was distinctly underwhelmed by Harvard. "The course of study was satisfactory, but far from extraordinary," he commented in 1988. "Mark Hopkins was seldom on the other end of the log, and one had to fend for himself as best he could." His doctoral dissertation evolved into his first book, *The Free Negro in North Carolina, 1790-1860* (1943).

Throughout his academic career, John Hope Franklin made his first priority the study and teaching of history. Though he eventually had many opportunities to leave the classroom, he had no difficulty, he later remembered, "in saying to anyone who raised the matter that I was not interested in deanships, university presidencies, or ambassadorships." This strong commitment to scholarship and teaching began with his first jobs after Harvard. At St. Augustine's College in Raleigh (1939-43) and North Carolina College for Negroes in Durham (1943-47), he managed to pursue extensive scholarly research while at the same time carrying the heavy teaching load characteristic of small liberal arts colleges. In 1947 he published his second book, *From Slavery to Freedom: A History of American Negroes*. Now in its eighth edition (with Franklin's former student Alfred A. Moss as co-author), *From Slavery to Freedom* has been both a seminal work of scholarship, helping to define the emerging field of African American history, and a remarkably successful textbook.

He followed up this history of Negro Americans with a book that could have been called "A Study of the Souls of White Folk," but was actually entitled *The Militant South, 1800-1861*. In it, Franklin described the Old South as distinctively touchy, honor-conscious, and militaristic. He then turned to a pressing issue of national history. Writing in 1961, amid the commemoration of the centennial of the Civil War, Franklin wrote an influential interpretative essay that challenged the then widely held view that the Civil War had ended in an era of "national disgrace." This book, *Reconstruction: After the Civil War*, gave him national prominence as one of the leading revisionists of Reconstruction historiography.

Franklin moved in 1947 from North Carolina College for Negroes to Howard University, where he taught until 1956. When he accepted an appointment as chairman of the history department of Brooklyn College, the event was heralded on the front page of the *New York Times*: no black historian had ever before held such a position in a predominantly white university. In 1964, shortly after publishing his fifth book, *The Emancipation Proclamation*, he was invited to join the history faculty at the University of Chicago.

"A major consideration," he says, in the move to Chicago was the opportunity to teach graduate students. "I realized that with all my frantic efforts at research and writing I would never be able to write on all the subjects in which I was deeply interested." In training a new generation of

scholars, Franklin (as he put it) extended “immeasurably” his own sense of accomplishment. In eighteen years at the University of Chicago, he supervised 32 doctoral dissertations.

During the Chicago years, Professor Franklin was repeatedly honored by his scholarly peers, serving as president of the Southern Historical Association (1970), the Organization of American Historians (1975), Phi Beta Kappa (1973-76), and the American Historical Association (1979). He was selected as the Jefferson Lecturer of the National Endowment for the Humanities in 1976, publishing a revised version of his three lectures as *Racial Equality in America*. At the University of Chicago itself, he served four years as chairman of the history department and was appointed John Matthews Manly Distinguished Service Professor in 1969.

He continued to be a prolific scholar, co-authoring a survey history of the United States (*Land of the Free*) and an illustrated history of black Americans; editing several important works, including the autobiography of Congressman John R. Lynch, and (with August Meier) a collection of articles on *Black Leaders of the Twentieth Century*; and writing another well-received monograph, *A Southern Odyssey: Travelers in the Antebellum North* (1976). He was undeterred even by retirement, first from the University of Chicago in 1982 and then in 1985 from the James B. Duke Professorship at Duke University. He completed his long-gestating biography of George Washington Williams, nineteenth-century black historian, and continued his study of runaway slaves (which has recently been published with former student Loren Schweninger as co-author). In 1993 he wrote *The Color Line: Legacy for the Twenty-First Century*, which was built on W. E. B. Du Bois’s prophecy that the problem of the twentieth century would be “the color line.” In addition, he taught at Duke University Law School from 1985 to 1992. In 1993 he was awarded the Charles Frankel Prize for contributing to public understanding of the humanities. After his third alleged retirement, Dr. Franklin served as chairman of President Bill Clinton’s Initiative on Race.

Over the course of his long academic career, John Hope Franklin was a visiting professor at many universities, including Cambridge University; twice held Guggenheim fellowships; served as a Fulbright professor in Australia and Zimbabwe; and received honorary degrees from 135 colleges and universities.

A man of strong political beliefs, Franklin once wrote: “I could not have avoided being a social activist even if I had wanted to.” He played an important role in the historical research involved in the *Brown vs. Board of Education* case, served as an informal advisor to the Rev. Jesse Jackson, and actively campaigned against the confirmation of Judge Robert Bork to the Supreme Court. At the same time, he insisted that scholarship and politics must be kept separate and cautioned his fellow historians against the danger of allowing their concern for the “urgent matters of their own time” to distort

their “view of an earlier period.” Speaking to the American Historical Association in 1979, he warned against a “zeal for revision” that might become a “substitute for truth and accuracy.”

Allow me a very personal comment.

As a white scholar who has spent his academic career studying black politics and black education, I deeply appreciate John Hope Franklin’s defense of the idea that “men and women should be judged strictly on the basis of their work and not on the basis of their race or the color of their skin,” as he wrote in 1986. If African American history “is a valid area of intellectual inquiry,” he added, “it cannot be segregated by sex, religion, or race.” Or, as he said even more bluntly in 1963, the view that there is “some ‘mystique’ about Negro studies” was akin to “the view that there was some ‘mystique’ about Negro spirituals, which required that a person possess a black skin in order to sing them. This was not scholarship; it was folklore, it was voodoo.”

Dr. Franklin has always defended what he called “a basic principle of scholarship—namely, that given the materials and the techniques of scholarship and given the mental capacity, any person” can “engage in the study of any particular field.”

Despite the efforts of both admirers and critics, he has resisted being characterized as a “black historian,” writing solely on African American topics, or as a scholar who wished to present “a Negro view” of the South, slavery, or Reconstruction. He calls himself an American historian and insists that “Afro-American history should be recognized as a centerpiece—an adornment, if you will—of the history of the United States.”

Like George Washington Williams whom he studied, John Hope Franklin can say: “Not as a blind panegyrist of my race, not as a partisan apologist, but for a love of ‘*the truth of history*’ I have striven to record the truth. . . . My whole aim has been to write a thoroughly trustworthy history.”

Let us honor John Hope Franklin, trustworthy historian, recorder of truth.

Spirit of Wisdom and Understanding

Alfred A. Moss, Jr.

I am honored to be one of those invited to say a few words this evening in tribute to Dr. John Hope Franklin. For this privilege I thank Dr. Franklin, Dr. H. G. Jones, and the officers and members of the North Caroliniana Society.

Permit me to begin with a brief history of my earliest encounters with Dr. Franklin. I first became aware of Dr. Franklin while still a boy, initially through comments made by my parents in praise of his writings. Both my father and my mother were serious students of African American history. As an undergraduate during the early 1960s, and while a student in divinity school in the mid-1960s, I read Dr. Franklin's books and articles, becoming ever more appreciative of the great work he was doing, both as a scholar and as a public intellectual.

Shortly after I arrived at the University of Chicago in 1968 to take up my duties as an Episcopal chaplain, I met Dr. Franklin for the first time and, with fascination, began to watch him from afar. Even though we had been introduced and were sometimes present at the same meetings and gatherings, he did not know me. Attending his public lectures and occasionally sitting in on classes he taught, I quickly became aware that he is as brilliant a teacher as he is a scholar. What also impressed me was his greatness as a human being—his personal and financial generosity toward worthy causes and his deep, genuine, caring interest in the welfare of others, regardless of a person's race, gender, importance, income, education, or lack thereof. To me, in a setting such as the University of Chicago, where distinguished scholars were not always persons of morality, dignity, or humanity, Professor Franklin stood out as a true and shining star.

In 1970, I decided to begin work on a doctoral degree in history. The history graduate program at the University of Chicago was one of three at outstanding universities to which I applied, and I was fortunate enough to be accepted into all three. As a part of a process for deciding which program and setting would be best for me, I visited all three (leaving Chicago for the last) and, at each, met the distinguished scholar who would be my advisor if I decided to study there. During my visit to Chicago's department of history, where Dr. Franklin was then chairperson, I met with him and found him both gracious and welcoming. Nevertheless, for reasons I didn't fully understand at the time, I left still undecided.

Then, one evening a few days before the date I had set for myself to indicate yes to one university and no to the others, I went, as part of my work as one of the University of Chicago's chaplains, to an emergency meeting. The persons responding to the special call for this meeting came together to discuss ways in which we, as individuals and as a group, could work to stem a dramatic rise in crime, violence, and racial tension in Chicago. One of the people at that meeting was Dr. Franklin. As a group of disparate individuals deliberated on a complex series of problems that seemed insoluble, Professor Franklin played a major role in helping them develop a sense of common purpose and shared goals. When that meeting was over, I knew I would be going to the University of Chicago to study history and, more important, to be one of Dr. Franklin's students.

While a graduate student, I experienced Dr. Franklin as a rigorous and demanding teacher and advisor. He worked tirelessly to develop and strengthen the skills of his students. His class preparation was then and is now painstaking; his lectures and publications then were and are now models of exemplary research and writing; and, as one who is not only a historian but a maker of history, his knowledge and understanding of sources, archival and human, was then and is now breathtaking. To be in his company is to experience the meaning of the statement that to a great teacher class is always in session. Dr. Franklin demanded creativity, critical thinking, and scholarly commitment from his students. In return, he gave them his confidence, respect, and support. His push to encourage his students to grow intellectually never ceases, even after some, like myself, are on the verge of senior citizenship. To have been Dr. Franklin's student is to receive the gift of a life-long teacher, friend, critic, encourager, companion, and journeyman.

For so many years of my relationship with Dr. Franklin, he and his wife, Mrs. Aurelia Franklin, walked side by side as devoted life-partners. Mrs. Franklin, whom I miss greatly, was a wonderfully gracious, generous, warm-hearted, beautiful lady, whom to know was to love. Wherever John Hope and Aurelia were, they welcomed students into their world, opening their doors to them for seminars, dinners, and leisurely visits, as well as opening their hearts in ways that turned students and their spouses or companions into their life-long friends.

A student privileged to know Dr. Franklin as teacher, advisor, and friend quickly becomes aware of his leisure interests. He is an orchid grower; an art collector; a lover of classical music; a fly fisherman; a gourmet cook; and a world class gourmand who appreciates fine food, whether served in an unpretentious neighborhood eatery or a four-star restaurant. His hobbies and recreational interests are essential parts of who he is. They enrich his life; they renew his energies.

Because of his extraordinary achievements Dr. Franklin is one of the

best known scholars and public figures in the English-speaking world. As a scholar, he has made his life's work the dissemination of knowledge. As a public intellectual and citizen, he has functioned both as a moralist and ethicist, challenging his fellow-citizens and the citizens of other nations to do everything possible to make this world a better place for all. Throughout his long and distinguished career, Dr. Franklin has produced scholarship that has uncovered hidden truths and overturned deceptions. This scholarship has been graced with analyses that reflect his compelling beliefs about good and evil, right and wrong. Through the lens of that scholarship and analysis, he has passed judgment on beliefs, practices, and behaviors, past and present, many of which have been curses on the United States and the world. As a historian, public intellectual, and citizen, he is a true progressive. He is also a true liberal, one who seeks constantly to understand and appreciate the value of each person he encounters, whatever her or his gender, age, sexual preference, lifestyle, race, ethnicity, class, nationality, or place of birth.

Observing Dr. Franklin's movement through the world of academia, sometimes it seems he knows and is known by every scholar and educator both in and outside the state of North Carolina. At meetings of learned societies, his progress through the halls and lobbies often resembles a reception, as he repeatedly pauses to acknowledge and greet his many friends, acquaintances, and admirers. With amazing frequency, he addresses his greeter by name and engages in conversations that, however brief, convey his sensitive recall of each person's professional and personal concerns. In every professional and public position Dr. Franklin has held, I have observed him to be unfailingly kind, gracious, and patient with persons known and unknown to him. This is particularly true of his interactions with students, from those in elementary school to those doing graduate work, and with younger scholars.

The best of those who differ with Dr. Franklin respect him, for it is impossible not to acknowledge the well-considered basis of his convictions and their sincerity. It is also impossible not to respect the frankness with which he makes his opinions, beliefs, and positions clear, and to admire the courage with which he holds them, even to the sacrifice of professional and personal comfort.

John Hope Franklin, the eminent scholar and distinguished public intellectual, is a vibrant example of the qualities, behaviors, values, and achievements that embody the classic definitions of a learned scholar, a virtuous citizen, and a cultured gentleman. Yet, as the years have added up since I was his graduate student at the University of Chicago, it is the richness of his humanity that seems to me his greatest gift to all those who know and appreciate him. I think especially of his strong sense of purpose, complemented by courage, decency, and integrity, his wit and humor, his gifts as a storyteller, his immense and insatiable curiosity, and his openness to new

people, experiences, and adventures.

I am an insatiable reader of nineteenth-century English novels. Over the years, Dr. Franklin's awesome achievements, coupled with his warmth, genuineness, and civility, have brought to mind repeatedly those figures in the great nineteenth-century English literary classics who personify character, virtue, and gentility—examples are Jane Austen's John Knightley, William Makepeace Thackeray's Colonel Thomas Newcome, and, perhaps most apt of all, Anthony Trollope's Plantagenet Palliser, Duke of Omnium. The difference being, they are fictional and Dr. John Hope Franklin is real.

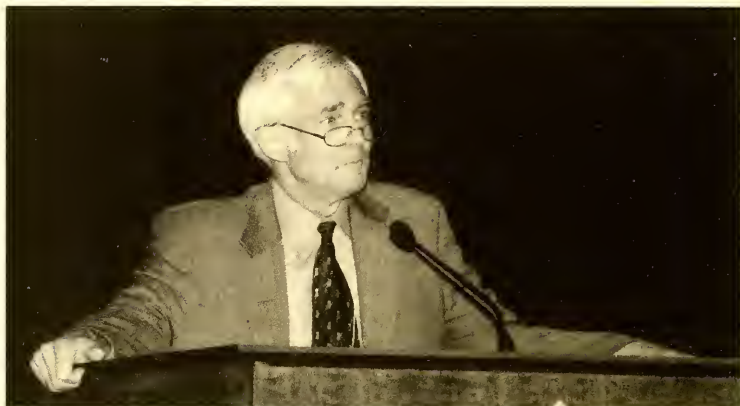
The person we honor this evening is—and I place this claim on him with humility and heartfelt gratitude—my esteemed, valued, and beloved teacher and mentor. From him, I learned, early and late, beneficial lessons about practical skills: how to research, how to read and think critically, how to write with accuracy, precision, and passion. Equally important, I learned, early and late, by example as well as admonition, to bring under judgment liars and oppressors, as well as bad decisions and dereliction of duty by individuals, institutions, and governments. Dr. Franklin's scholarship, his work as a public intellectual, and his service to the United States as a citizen with a capital "C" have been a shining example to me and countless others.

Since I am an Episcopal priest as well as a historian, you will, I hope, forgive me for including, and concluding with, a Biblical text. It is from the 15th chapter of Ecclesiasticus, the 5th verse, and reads thus:

In the midst of the assembly he opened his mouth; and the Lord filled him with the spirit of wisdom and understanding.

Presentation of the Award

Willis P. Whichard



To my left you see a photograph of the sterling silver cup representing the North Caroliniana Society Award, the original of which is exhibited in the North Carolina Collection Reading Room in Wilson Library in Chapel Hill. Several years ago John and Ann Sanders were given the assignment of selecting a tangible symbol of this award. This is not just another cup; it already had a distinguished history connecting the family of Thomas Jefferson with that of Calvin Coolidge. Jefferson had a favorite granddaughter who, late in his life, married a Coolidge and moved to Massachusetts. Much to his sorrow he never saw her again, but he heard about her through his correspondence with his friend John Adams, who saw her with some frequency. The trophy is appropriately engraved with the wording, "The North Caroliniana Society Award for Distinguished Contributions to North Carolina History and Culture," to which is added the name of each recipient on an accompanying sterling plate.

John and Ann also selected modest sterling cups, one of which is appropriately engraved and presented to each recipient. The simplicity of the cup is emblematic of the North Caroliniana Society's dedication to "Substance, not Show," the most essential quality we seek in each year's recipient. This year's recipient, like those before him, epitomizes substance over show. As we lawyers say, John Hope, this is your opportunity for "rebuttal time." Please come forward to accept this award and make such remarks as you choose.

Acceptance of the Award

John Hope Franklin



Thank you, Bill, and thanks to all of you.

I have been reading the minutes of the North Caroliniana Society for years, and I have observed the care with which you have chosen previous recipients of this award. Of course, I understand how, as an organization gets old and inefficient, it begins to scrape the bottom of the barrel.

I am particularly pleased and honored that the Society chose two of my star pupils to be with us this evening and to address you on a subject that I do not find nearly so interesting as they do. Each to his own taste, you see. As they were talking I was reminiscing about my encounters with each of them.

I remember well when Eric Anderson applied for admission to the University of Chicago's graduate school in history. He came from a small Seventh Day Adventist college, and we were not terribly impressed with the fact that he had made all A's in undergraduate courses. We thought, "He must be teacher's pet." But we couldn't fail to recognize his record as a graduate from college with all A's, so we offered him a fellowship. He turned it down—an act unheard of at the University of Chicago—on the grounds that he was able to come to the university and pay his own way. He suggested that we could use those funds to help a student not able to pay his or her own way. We admitted him, of course; we welcomed him, of course. Then we noticed that in his first year in graduate school he still made all A's. No "teacher's pet," we now realized. He went on to become a very distinguished graduate student and scholar who has through the years proven that our judgment coincided with that of his college and grade school teachers as extraordinary, and we were very pleased.

I remember so well too when Al Moss came into my office to talk with me about becoming a graduate student in history. I put you, too, Al, through some questions, and I was impressed by the fact that you had been through a rigorous professional program at the Episcopal Theological Seminary, and I thought that your experience would be beneficial in graduate work in history. And so we admitted you, and you became one of our star students.

And then I saw these two men become not only best friends but also professional collaborators. And they were as absolutely inseparable thirty years ago as they are today. Now, they are in Chapel Hill doing research on a subject on which they have been working for several years. I like to feel that they gained some of that inspiration and some of that enthusiasm for hard work from the seminars and courses that they took with me. But I also like to believe that they became better, more talented, more gifted than they were in my seminar—that they stand on their own as distinguished professors in their own right.

I was particularly flattered when they published *The Facts of Reconstruction* and dedicated it to me. They made it clear to me and in their introduction that this was not an ordinary run-of-the-mill festschrift. It was a collection of observations by my students; they wanted to challenge me by what I had said and by what they had to say about me. At the dinner that they gave me in connection with the publication of the book, they requested me to respond to what they had written. Well, I had not read the book, so I couldn't respond! I asked them to give me a while. I was moved by the fact that this was not just an apple-polishing exercise on the part of my former students. These were observations on what I had said, which in some cases stimulated them to take on the argument and to develop it beyond where I was. I

thought that was what my students ought to do, and I was immensely pleased with that approach to scholarship.

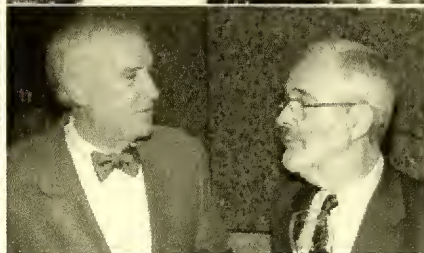
I want to say a final word about my association with Al Moss. When I was preparing the sixth edition of *From Slavery to Freedom*, I asked him to be my co-author. I was getting on in years and believed that the book deserved the kind of energy and perspective that I could no longer give it. I invited him to come and work with me, and he came not only to work with me, but in many ways he initiated new ideas that went into the book. He would come down to Durham and spend weeks working with me, staying in my home and getting up early in the morning and working all day. We gave it all we had, and I believe that the book is all the better because of his insight and his energy and the views that he put into that effort.

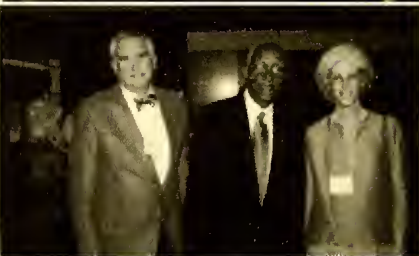
Finally, let me say that I have had 32 PhD's at the University of Chicago, and those students have fulfilled my life like almost nothing else. They have been for the most part productive scholars, energetic and imaginative teachers, and professionals who have given so much that I was unable to give them. I view them as an extension of me. I am egotist enough to be delighted that I have had that kind of extension and I am so pleased. I have lost four of them; it has been like a parent burying his children. But that just means that those who have survived must redouble their efforts for those who have gone on, and I hope that those who are not here tonight will be inspired by what Eric and Al have said, as, indeed, I am inspired to continue the work through the remainder of my life.

And let me say finally to the North Caroliniana Society that I am flattered and honored and somewhat bewildered by this attention, but I'll take it!



At top, President Whichard moderates question period following Dr. Franklin's address in the afternoon. At bottom, Dr. Franklin and former Governor Robert W. Scott reminisce about their conversation concerning North Carolina's public colleges when the professor brought his Chicago seminar to Raleigh in 1967 for research in the State Archives. Many friends of the recipient are pictured in snapshots on the following pages.









A Special North Caroliniana Society Award to William Dallas Herring

On May 7 at Rose Hill during a meeting of the Duplin County Historical Society, a special North Caroliniana Society Award for 2005 was presented to William Dallas Herring in recognition of his illustrious career as North Carolina's leading promoter of public education.

Dr. H. David Bruton, who succeeded Dr. Herring as chairman of the State Board of Education in 1977, gave the main address, emphasizing his predecessor's lifetime of public service, particularly his passionate support and innovative leadership in public education and his role in the development of the state's community college system. In his acceptance of the award from President Whichard, Dr. Herring said, "I thank all of the wonderful people who have contributed in so many ways to the progress of this state and to its culture. We led the way. . . ."

A more extensive account of the ceremony will be published in the *Annual Report of the North Caroliniana Society, 2004-2005*. Left to right in the photograph are Dr. H. G. Jones, who presided; Dr. Herring; Justice Whichard, and Dr. Bruton.



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Chartered on 11 September 1975 as a private nonprofit corporation under provisions of Chapter 55A of the *General Statutes of North Carolina*, the North Caroliniana Society is dedicated to the promotion of increased knowledge and appreciation of North Carolina's heritage through the encouragement of scholarly research and writing in and teaching of state and local history and literature; publication of documentary materials, including the numbered, limited-edition *North Caroliniana Society Imprints* and *North Caroliniana Society Keepsakes*; sponsorship of professional and lay conferences, seminars, lectures, and exhibitions; commemoration of historic events, including sponsorship of markers and plaques; and through assistance to the North Carolina Collection of UNC-Chapel Hill and other cultural organizations with kindred objectives. With an entirely volunteer staff, the Society is headquartered in the incomparable North Carolina Collection in UNC's Wilson Library.

Incorporated by H. G. Jones, William S. Powell, and Louis M. Connor, Jr., who soon were joined by a distinguished group of North Carolinians, the Society was limited to a hundred members for the first decade. It elects from time to time additional individuals meeting its strict criterion of "adjudged performance" in service to their state's culture—i.e., those who have demonstrated a continuing interest in and support of the historical, literary, and cultural heritage of North Carolina. The Society, a tax-exempt organization under provisions of Section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code, expects continued service from its members, and for its programs it depends upon the contributions, bequests, and devises of its members and friends. Its IRS number is 56-1119848. Upon request, contributions to the Society may be counted toward Chancellor's Club membership. The Society administers a fund, given in 1987 by the Research Triangle Foundation in honor of its retiring board chairman and the Society's longtime president, from which more than 225 Archie K. Davis Fellowships have been awarded for research in North Carolina's historical and cultural resources. The Society sponsors the North Caroliniana Book Award, and it also confers the William Stevens Powell Award upon a senior student who has contributed most to an understanding of the history and traditions of The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

A highlight of the Society's year is the presentation of the North Caroliniana Society Award to an individual or organization for long and distinguished service in the encouragement, production, enhancement, promotion, and preservation of North Caroliniana. Starting with Paul Green, the Society has recognized Albert Coates, Sam J. Ervin, Jr., Sam Ragan, Gertrude S. Carraway, John Fries Blair, William and Ida Friday, William S. Powell, Mary and James Semans, David Stick, William M. Cochrane, Emma Neal Morrison, Burke Davis, Lawrence F. London, Frank H. Kenan, Charles Kuralt, Archie K. Davis, H. G. Jones, J. Carlyle Sitterson, LeRoy T. Walker, Hugh M. Morton, John L. Sanders, Doris Betts, Reynolds Price, Richard H. Jenrette, Wilma Dykeman, Frank Borden Hanes, Sr., Maxine Swalin, Elizabeth Vann Moore, W. Trent Ragland, Jr., W. Dallas Herring, John Hope Franklin, and, on its sesquicentennial, the North Carolina Collection.

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NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY IMPRINTS

[continued from inside front cover]

- No. 20. *My Father, Burke Davis* (1990)
by Angela Davis-Gardner
- No. 21. *A Half Century with Rare Books* (1991)
by Lawrence F. London
- No. 22. *Frank H. Kenan: An Appreciation* (1992)
edited by Archie K. Davis
- No. 23. *Growing Up in North Carolina*, by Charles Kuralt, and
The Uncommon Laureate, by Wallace H. Kuralt (1993)
- No. 24. *Chancellors Extraordinary: J. Carlyle Sitterson and LeRoy T. Walker* (1995)
by William C. Friday and Willis P. Whichard
- No. 25. *Historical Consciousness in the Early Republic* (1995)
edited by H. G. Jones
- No. 26. *Sixty Years with a Camera* (1996)
by Hugh M. Morton
- No. 27. *William Gaston as a Public Man* (1997)
by John L. Sanders
- No. 28. *William P. Cumming and the Study of Cartography* (1998)
edited by Robert Cumming
- No. 29. *My Love Affair with Carolina* (1998)
by Doris Waugh Betts
- No. 30. *A Single but Huge Distinction* (1999)
by Reynolds Price
- No. 31. *Richard Jenrette's Adventures in Historic Preservation* (2000)
edited by H. G. Jones
- No. 32. *Sketches in North Carolina USA 1872 to 1878* (2001)
by Mortimer O. Heath; edited by H. G. Jones
- No. 33. *Roots and Branches* (2001)
by Wilma Dykeman
- No. 34. *Glimmers in the Gloaming* (2002)
by Frank Borden Hanes, Sr.
- No. 35. *Coming of Age in North Carolina's Fifth Century*, by Maxine Swalin, and
The North Carolina Symphony, The People's Orchestra, by John L. Humber (2003)
- No. 36. *Reflections* (2004)
by W. Trent Ragland, Jr.
- No. 37. *Photographers in North Carolina: The First Century, 1842-1941* (2004)
Essays by Stephen E. Massengill, H. G. Jones, Jesse R. Lankford
- No. 38. *North Carolina Conundrum* (2005)
by John Hope Franklin



NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY AWARD RECIPIENTS

1978	<i>Paul Green</i>	1994	<i>Archie K. Davis</i>
1979	<i>Albert Coates</i>	1994	<i>H. G. Jones</i>
1980	<i>Sam J. Ervin, Jr.</i>	1994	<i>North Carolina Collection</i>
1981	<i>Sam Ragan</i>	1995	<i>J. Carlyle Sitterson</i>
1982	<i>Gertrude Sprague Carraway</i>	1995	<i>LeRoy T. Walker</i>
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1984	<i>William C. & Ida H. Friday</i>	1997	<i>John L. Sanders</i>
1985	<i>William S. Powell</i>	1998	<i>Doris Waugh Betts</i>
1986	<i>Mary D.B.T. & James Semans</i>	1999	<i>Reynolds Price</i>
1987	<i>David Stick</i>	2000	<i>Richard H. Jenrette</i>
1988	<i>William McWhorter Cochrane</i>	2001	<i>Wilma Dykeman</i>
1989	<i>Emma Neal Morrison</i>	2002	<i>Frank Borden Hanes, Sr.</i>
1990	<i>Burke Davis</i>	2003	<i>Maxine Swalin</i>
1991	<i>Lawrence F. London</i>	2004	<i>Elizabeth Vann Moore</i>
1992	<i>Frank Hawkins Kenan</i>	2004	<i>W. Trent Ragland, Jr.</i>
1993	<i>Charles Kuralt</i>	2005	<i>W. Dallas Herring</i>
	2005	<i>John Hope Franklin</i>	

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